“The Ballad of Robin”

In London lived a fine boy

Who had been left alone.

His mother had gone to serve the Queen

To war his father had gone.

He lay and waited for someone

But no one came to talk.

Poor Robin lay there

For he could not walk.

A kind friar came to his aid

To take him to a place.

This was a monastery

Where he had new face.

He went to a castle in southern England

There he saved the day.

The King rewarded him

Then his parents took him on his way.

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